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"My brother's welfare, it shall be
As precious as my own, to me;
And sisters shall not fail to share
My warm affection and my care.

"For love and kindness please God more
Than if we give him all our store;
And brethren here, who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above."

The Weekly Gleaner,

A PERIODICAL, DEVOTED TO

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Notice.

Parties to whom we send this paper without their having ordered it, if they do not *feel* disposed to keep it, will please to send it back by mail; otherwise we shall consider them subscribers.

MOUNT HOR, OR THE TOMB OF AARON.

Mount Hor,
Or the Tomb of Aaron.

[CONCLUDED.]

This success encouraged us; and without caring or thinking how we should come down again, we looked aloft and saw through a small opening before us, though still at a great distance, the white dome that covered the tomb of the first High Priest of Israel. Again with stout hearts we resumed our ascent; but, as we might reasonably have supposed, that which we had passed was not the only chasm in the mountains. What had appeared to us slight inequalities of surface we found great fissures and openings, presenting themselves before us in quick succession; not indeed, as absolute and insurmountable barriers to farther progress, but affording us only the encouragement of a bare possibility of crossing them. The whole mountain, from its base to its summit, was rocky and naked, affording not a tree or bush to assist us; and all we had to hold on by were the rough corners of the porous sandstone rocks, which crumbled in our hands and under our feet, and more than once put us in danger of our lives. Several times, after desperate exertion, we sat down perfectly discouraged at seeing another and another chasm before us, and more than once we were on the point of giving up the attempt, thinking it impossible to advance any farther; but we had come so far, and taken so little notice of our road, that it was almost impossible to return; and a distant and accidental glimpse of the whitened dome would revive our courage, and stimulate us to another effort. Several times I mounted on Paul's shoulders, and with his helping reached the top of a precipitous or overhanging rock, where, lying down with my face over the brink, I took up the pistols, swords, &c., and then helped him up in turn; sometimes, again, he was the climber, and my shoulders were the stepping-stone; and, in the rough grasps that we gave each other, neither thought of the relation of master and servant. On the side of the rugged mountain, so desolate, so completely removed from the world, whose difficult ascent had been attempted by few human footsteps since the days when "Moses and Aaron went up in sight of all the congregation," the master and the man lay on the same rock, encountering the same fatigues and dangers, and inspired by the same hopes and fears. My dress was particularly bad and cumbersome for the occasion; for, besides the encumbrance of pistols and a sword, my large silk gown and large sleeves were a great annoyance, as I wanted every moment a long reach of the arms and and full play of the legs; even our light Turkish slippers were impediments in our desperate scramble, and we were obliged to pull them off, for the better hold that could be taken with the naked feet.

It will be remembered that we were ascending on the eastern side of the mountain. Disencumbering ourselves of all our useless trappings, shoes, pistols, swords, tobacco-pouch, and water-sack, which we tied together in a sash and the roll of a turban, by dint of climbing, pushing, and lifting each other, after the most arduous upward scramble I ever accomplished, we attained the bald and hoary summit of the mountain; and, before we had time to look around, at the extreme end of the desolate valley of El Ghor, our attention was instantly attracted and engrossed by one of the most interesting objects in the world, and Paul and I exclaimed at the same moment, "The Dead Sea!" Lying between the barren mountains of Arabia and Judea, presenting to us from that height no more than a small, calm, silvery surface, was that mysterious sea, which rolled its dark waters over the guilty cities of Sodom and Gomorrah; over whose surface, according to the superstition of the Arabs, no bird can fly, and in whose waters no fish can swim; constantly receiving in its greedy bosom the whole body of the Jordan, but, unlike most other waters, sending forth no tribute to the ocean.

If I had never stood on the top of Mount Sinai, I should say that nothing could exceed the desolation of the view from the summit of Mount Hor, its most striking objects being the dreary and rugged mountains of Seir, bare and naked of trees and verdure, and heaving their lofty summits to the skies, as if in a vain and fruitless effort to excel the mighty pile, on the top of which the high-priest of Israel was buried. Before me was a land of barrenness and ruin, a land accursed by God, and against which the prophets had set their faces; the land of which it is thus written in the Book of Life: "Moreover, the word of the Lord came

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no more gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain;
4. Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean:
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean;
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's, dare not covet.

unto me, saying, Son of man, set thy face against Mount Seir, and prophesy against it, and say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, O Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord. Because thou hast had a perpetual hatred, and hast shed the blood of the children of Israel by the force of the sword in the time of their calamity, in the time that their iniquity had an end: therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will prepare thee unto blood, and blood shall pursue thee: sith thou hast not hated blood even blood shall pursue thee. Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth. And I will fill his mountains with his slain men: in thy hills, and in thy valleys, and in all thy rivers shall they fall that are slain with the sword. I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return; and ye shall know that I am the Lord."—Ezekiel xxxv.

The Bible account of the death of Aaron is—"And the children of Israel, even the whole congregation, journeyed from Kadesh and came unto Mount Hor. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in Mount Hor, by the coast of the land of Edom, saying, Aaron shall be gathered unto his people: for he shall not enter into the land which I have given unto the children of Israel, because ye rebelled against my word at the water of Meribah. Take Aaron and Eleazer his son, and bring them up unto Mount Hor; and strip Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazer his son: and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there. And Moses did as the Lord commanded; and they went up into Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazer his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the Mount; and Moses and Eleazer came down from the Mount. And when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for Aaron thirty days, even all the house of Israel."—*Numbers* xx.

On the very "top of the Mount," reverenced alike by Mussulmans and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single chamber; in front of the door is a tombstone, in form like the oblong slabs in our churchyards, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom, and covered with a ragged pall of faded red cotton in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high, round stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich-eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque, were suspended from the ceiling, and the rest of the chamber was perfectly bare. After going out, and from the very top of the tomb surveying again and again the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with the distant view of the Dead Sea, I returned within; and examining once more the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber. There was no light except what came from the door; and in groping in the extreme corner on one side, my foot descended into an aperture in the floor. I put it down carefully, and found a step and then another, and another, evidently a staircase leading to a chamber below. I went down till my head was on the level of the floor, but could see nothing; all was dark, and I called to Paul to strike a light. Most provokingly, he had no materials with him. He generally carried a flint and steel for lighting his pipe; but now, when I most wanted it, he had none. I went back to the staircase, and descending to the bottom of the steps, attempted to make out what the place might be; but it was utterly impossible. I could not see even the steps on which I stood. I again came out, and made Paul search in all his pockets for the flint and steel. My curiosity increased with the difficulty in gratifying it; and in a little while, when the thing seemed to be utterly impossible, with this spot unexplored, Petra, Mount Hor and the Dead Sea appeared to lose half their interest. I ran up and down the steps, inside and out, abused Paul, struck stones together in the hope of eliciting a spark, but all to no purpose. I was in an agony of despair, when I found myself grasping, convulsively, the handle of my pistol. A light broke suddenly upon me. A pile of dry brush and cotton rags lay at the foot of the sacrificial altar; I fired my pistol into it, gave one puff, and the whole mass was in a blaze. Each seized a burning brand, and we descended. At the foot of the steps was a narrow chamber, at the other end an iron grating, opening in the middle, and behind the grating a tomb cut in the naked rock, guarded and reverenced as the tomb of Aaron. I tore aside the rusty grating, and thrusting in my arm to the shoulders, touched the hallowed spot. The rocks and mountains were echoing the discharge of my pistol, like peals of crashing thunder; and while, with the burning brand in one hand, I was thrusting the other through the grating, the deafening reverberations seemed to rebuke me for an act of sacrilege, and I rushed up the steps like a guilty and fear-struck criminal. Suddenly I heard from the foot of the mountain a quick and irregular discharge of fire-arms, which again resounded in loud echoes through the mountains. It was far from my desire that the bigoted Mussulmans should come upon me, and find my pistol still smoking in my hand, and the brush still burning in the tomb of the prophet; and, tearing off a piece of the ragged pall, we hurried from the place and dashed down the mountain on the opposite side with a speed and recklessness that only fear could give. If there was room for question between a scramble or a jump, we gave a jump; and when we could not jump, our shoes were off in a moment, one leaned over the brow of the precipice, and gave the other his hand, and down we went, allowing nothing to stop us. Once, for a moment, we were at a loss, but Paul, who, in the excitement of one successful leap after another, had become amazingly confident, saw a stream of water, and made for it with the glorious boast that where water descended we could; and the suggestion proved correct, although the water found much less difficulty in getting down than we did. In short, after an ascent the most toilsome, and a descent the most hairbrained and perilous it was ever my fortune to accomplish, in about half an hour we were at the base of the mountain.

Two principles govern the moral and intellectual world. One is perpetual progress, the other the necessary limitations to that progress. If the former alone prevailed, there would be nothing steadfast and durable on earth, and the whole of social life would be the sport of winds and waves. If the latter had exclusive sway everything would petrify or rot.—*Genz.*

PSYCHOLOGY.

The Step-Mother.

I remember, when a child, a servant girl at my mother's used to wear a string of large gold beads, an ornament still to be found about the necks of women in the back towns of Maine. These beads were often the subject of comment with us children, from their peculiar hue, being leaden rather than golden. I strenuously insisted they had never been golden—only a wash. I was checked in this assertion in a mysterious manner upon several occasions, and at the same time assured that the jewelers had tested them, and pronounced them gold, notwithstanding their singular color.

At length the girl took me one side and told the secret of the beads. Her mother had died many years before, when Sarah was quite a child, who, by the way, was a dull, plain girl, taciturn, and grave, and totally unimaginative; a kind of character which I, at that time, could not in the least comprehend. Ignorant, as children are, of constitutional differences of character, I supposed the stolid dullness of Sarah must be occasioned by what to Mrs. Chick's mind caused the death of poor Mrs. Dombey, "she did not make an effort."

Just previous to the death of the good woman, she took these beads from her own and tied them around the neck of Sarah, saying, at the same time, in the most emphatic manner, "I hope these beads will turn white, if a mother-in-law ever lays the weight of her finger upon them, to take them away from my child."

At length the poor woman died, leaving her husband to another wife, as she had anticipated. The new mother was a stirring and harsh-tempered woman, not a little of a vixen, as the first wife might have been, judging from the speech we have recorded, and from demonstrations made when "out of the body," as we shall show, anon.

Great changes were made in the household—the children were removed to less commodious rooms than those they had occupied in the life-time of their mother. The youngest, a child of two years, was put away to sleep by by itself, in an upper and dark, cold room, where it often cried long and bitterly. The older children were frowned into silence, and the father, who seems to have been rather imbecile, never had courage to interfere. All the best articles that had once been the property of the late wife, and should have been sacred to her children, were appropriated by the course-minded woman to her own use, and finally the beads were taken from Sarah's neck, and made to deck the throat of the imperious step-mother. "And then their hue was changed, as I could see with my own eyes," continued the girl.

The details were given me with a flood of tears; but the most remarkable was yet to come. The neighborhood began to remonstrate, especially in regard to the baby, who was known to suffer from cold and neglect of various kinds, but this interference was to little purpose, as the haughty woman was much feared.

Now the house was an old-fashioned building, with a heavy staircase through the centre of a hall, into which the principal apartments opened upon each side. One night the child cried loudly from cold and terror, when the step-mother hurried from the room to still it, followed by Sarah. In traversing the hall, as she was about to put her foot upon the stair, she stopped suddenly, uttered a loud scream, and pressed her hand to her cheek. She presently recovered herself, and said bitterly to Sarah, "Your mother has just struck me in the face!" *From that time a red spot existed upon that side, which no one had before seen!* The child did not cry any more, but when questioned, said, "My dead mamma came and tucked me up and sang to me."

It repeated the same story often, and, when put to bed, would say, "Now my dead mamma will come." In the mean while a new child was added to the family, and now the turbulent selfishness of the step-mother rendered their home so uncomfortable that the first children were "put out" among their relatives and friends, to live as best they might. Sarah, at the time she served in our family, was probably something over thirty, a poor disheartened being, who told what I have related as a part of the painful experience of her childhood, which she revived with reluctance.—*Selected.*

A Jewel of Gold in a Swine's Snout.

"As a golden ring in a swine's snout, so is a handsome woman that is devoid of discretion."—*Prov.* 11:22.

This proverb is manifestly an allusion to the custom of wearing nose jewels, or rings set with jewels, hanging from their nostrils, as ear-rings from the ears, by holes bored to receive them. This fashion, however strange it may appear to us, was formerly, and is still, common in many parts of the East, among women of all ranks. Paul Lucas, speaking of a village, or clan of wandering people, a little on this side of the Euphrates, says,

"The women, almost all of them, travel on foot; I saw none handsome among them; they have almost all of them the nose bored, and wear in it a great ring, which makes them still more deformed."

But in regard to this custom, better authority cannot be produced than that of Pietro della Valle, in the account which he gives of Signora Maani Gioerda, his own wife. The description of her dress, as to the ornamental parts of it which he introduces the mentoin of this particular, will give us some notion of the taste of eastern ladies for finery: The ornaments of gold, and of jewels, for the head, for the neck, for the arms, for the legs, and for the feet, (for they wear rings even on their toes,) are indeed, unlike those of the Turks, carried to great excess, but not of great value: as turquoses, small rubies, emeralds, carbuncles garnets, pearls, and the like. My spouse dresses herself with all of them according to their fashion, with exception however of certain ugly rings of very large size, set with jewels, which in truth, very absurdly, it is the custom to wear fastened to one of the nostrils, like buffaloes,—an ancient custom however in the East, which, as we find in the Holy Scriptures, prevailed among the Hebrew ladies, even in the time of Solomon. These nose rings, in complaisance to me, she has left off; but I have not yet been able to prevail with her sisters to do the same. So fond are they of an old custom, be it ever so absurd, who have been long habituated to it."

To this account may be subjoined the observation made by Chardin, as cited in Harmer, vol. ii. p. 390:

"It is the custom in almost all the East for the women to wear rings in their noses, in the left nostril, which is bored low down in the middle: these rings are of gold, and have commonly two pearls and one ruby between, placed in the ring. I never saw a girl or young woman in Arabia, or in all Persia, who did not wear a ring after this manner in her nostril."—*Selected.*

The Jewish artist, Levy Elkan in Cologne is about publishing an artistical Catholic almanac which is highly spoken of by the German press.

DIED

On Sunday night, 22d inst., of putrid sore throat, Josephine, only child of Wyatt and Gertrude Birdsall, aged 7 years and 6 months.

A Mother's Lament for Her Child.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I loved thee, daughter of my heart,
Sweet child, I loved thee dearly;
And though we only met to part,
How sweetly, how severely!
Nor life, nor death can sever
My soul from thine forever.

Thy days, my little one, were few,
An angel's morning visit,
That came and vanished with the dew;
'Twas here—'tis gone—where is it?
Yet thou didst leave behind thee
A clue of love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hand stretched out with gladness,
All life's joy, rapture, beauty now,
Then, dashed with infant sadness,
Till brightened with transition,
Returned the fairy vision.

Where are they now—those smiles, those tears,
Thy mother's darling treasure?
She sees thee still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain and pleasure
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

Hushed in a moment on her breast,
Life at the well-spring drinking,
Then, cradled in her lap to rest,
In easy slumbers sinking,
Thy dreams, no thought can guess them,
And mine, no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy,
Fond hopes which mothers cherish
Like still-born babes to perish.

Mine perished on thy early bier,
No! changed to forms more glorious
They flourish in a higher sphere,
O'er time and death victorious.
Yet would these arms have chained thee,
And long from Heaven detained thee.

My dear, my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other,
Though thou art born again above,
I am thine only mother,
Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.

Then, thou in Heaven, and I on earth,
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth,
When death shall re-unite us,
And worlds no more can sever
Mother and child forever.

The great affront of giving the lie arose from the phrase "Thou liest," in the oath taken by the defendant in judicial combats, before engaging, when charged with any crime, by the plaintiff; and Francis I. of France, to make current his giving the lie to the Emperor, Charles V., first stamped it with infamy by saying, in a solemn assembly, that he was no honest man who would bear the lie."

As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of a man.—*Guardian.*

Reform.

The True Reformer.

The magnificent Temple of Solomon "was made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was building." But this silence, very certainly, did not reign in the marble quarries, nor on Lebanon, where the cedars were cut and hewn, nor among the glowing furnaces between Succoth and Zeredathah, where the brazen vessels were cast.* So in religion, the majestic temple into which the Saints are built up, rises without noise or effort; all the materials arrive there pure and perfect, without either spot, scar or wrinkle. And the wise Solomon appoints proper *workmen*, under proper *overseers*—and he makes *Israelite, Canaanite*, and *Tyrian, harmoniously to work together*. But in this dark and polluted world—this quarry from which the great Architect deigns to take some stones for his temple, what do we find but temporary workyards, where all seems to the spectator bustle and confusion? How many shapeless stones, how much useless rubbish, how many things intended to serve but a temporary purpose! How many arrangements that are purely provisional! How many strangers and mercenaries employed in the work, who, like the laborers of Hiram, shall never enter the sanctuary! How many dissensions among the workmen, even the most faithful of them! How many vain conjectures and discussions about the particulars of the great Builder's object and plan, which are known only to himself! Shall we seek for the true Church, the spiritual temple, in such a rude chaos of such materials as this? Would we construct that temple ourselves, with all those shapeless and half-hewn stones, or, rejecting them, even with those only which seem to us to have been made quite ready by the Master's own hand? Would we make an effort to collect all that we find thus prepared in the thousand quarries that have been opened in different parts of the world; or, finding ourselves unable to do that, at least arrange them in different sets, like hewn stones brought together to be measured before they reach their destined location? O how much more wise is the Master of the work! While some of us are disputing about the comparative excellence of this or that workyard, and others spend their time in putting everything in order, as they think, the Divine Solomon surveys silently these vast operations, chooses, makes, elevates, and puts in his temple, the materials that are made ready, assigning to each the place which it best fits and for which he intended it. O how pitiful are the haughty pretensions of this and that Church to universality, as well as the interminable disputes about customs, ceremonies, orthodoxy, and reform, succession, priesthood and discipline, which have, in all ages, caused such confusion and much division.

"Look if thy fire is burning! Here's a light!"
Says the vain Teacher: but the *right* one, he
Takes staff in hand, and stirs himself the fire.

To ruminate upon evils, to make critical notes upon injuries, and be too acute in their apprehension, is to add unto our own tortures, to feather the arrows of our enemies, to lash ourselves with the scorpions of our foes, and to resolve to sleep no more.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Think not that guilt requires the burning torches of the Furies to agitate and torment it. Their own frauds, their crimes, their remembrances of the past, their terrors of the future—these are the domestic Furies that are ever present to the mind of the impious.—*Robert Hall.*

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* 2 Chron. vi:17.

Early Habits.

Of all the fading scenes of earth,
That checker life's uneven road,
There's none so bright as youthful mirth;
And none so free from sorrow's load.

As twigs give shape to growing tree,
So early habits shape the man;
And lead a life of trouble free,
Or fearful fires of sin will fan!

Ah! bitter often is the fruit
That's gather'd by the wayward youth,
Their taste and appetites to suit,
Though far it leads from right and truth.

Oft idleness, with vacant mein,
Forms vagrant habits, hard to yield;
Lulling all fears, and conscience keen,
Till ruin bursts, and fate is seal'd.

Some secret, gnawing vice, unseen
Like canker-worm in lowly flower,
Will often seeming beauty glean,
And wretched make the dying hour.

Fond, lovely youth! remember well,
Enstamp it on thy soul with prayer,
That vicious habits lead to hell,
Where ruin'd victims wailing are!

Avoid profane and impious lips;
Habits of theft, and lying breath:
And pleasure's giddy, dangerous slips,
When syrens sing, and lure to death!

Undying souls: take heed and shun
The *wine cup's* fatal ruby flow!
Fearful its sparkling currents run
To endless night, to endless wo!

Parents, Govern your Children.

Parents, govern your children now, and you will give them the elements of patience, respect, and kindness, when you are old. But let them now govern you, and they always will, and when you are old with a rod of iron. The aged never fall into such unfeeling hands as those who have grown up without respect to parental authority. The disturbers of the school were never governed at home. Thousands never bent their wills in the nursery, and they know not how to do it in the world.—Formerly, when offended, they ran behind the door! now the same temper carries them away from home to the gambling table, or other ways to ruin.

If all children were brought up in the discipline of the Lord, laws would scarcely need a penalty. The virtue of obedience always ranked high among intelligent heathens. Fighting beyond and contrary to orders, seven hundred of Cæsar's men were killed. Assembling the survivors, he told them that "modesty and obedience are better than magnanimity of soul." When family government is entirely prostrate, bayonets, and not laws, must keep order. Criminals are increasing from ungoverned families. The parents of Young Crowningshield, who murdered a venerable citizen of Salem, ordered his teacher never to correct him. A man acquainted with Spencer, who was executed on board the Somers, says, "he was always disobedient to his parents." The biographer of Arnold, the traitor, says, "he was headstrong, disobedient, and often painfully wounded a mother's heart." The fifth command makes honoring parents the condition of continuing long in the land, or long a prosperous nation. To save the Jewish commonwealth, the disobedient were to be killed off by this law. "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastised him, will not hearken unto them—then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him and bring him out unto the elders of the city. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die: so shalt thou put evil away from among you."

The Forged Will.

A few years since, a man of high respectability was tried in England on a charge of forging a will, in which it was discovered he had an indirect interest to a large amount. Mr. Warren was the associate prosecuting attorney, and the case was tried before Lord Denman.

The prisoner being arraigned and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with *red* or *black* wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testater when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantel-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large, deep-blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—he signed it in his bed—at his request you signed it as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—a piece of wax, too, three or four inches long—he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard—you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantel-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath—*you did?*"

"I did!"

"My Lord—IT'S A WAFER!"—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

KOSSUTH AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.—M. Kossuth, in one of his late speeches, compares his lot with that of the man he had just before affected to contemn:

"I will never venture to contrast my own humble lot with the brillant one of that potentate. I eat with my children the bitter bread of homelessness; I am staggering joyless towards an obscure grave. For inheritance my children may get a legacy of sorrow, yet of devotion to their country's cause. Such is my lot; but, whatever may be my faults, my errors, or even my sins, never have I broken oaths, never have I deceived nations, never trifled with the duties of an honest patriot. Bonaparte, on the contrary, sits high in power, dazzling the eyes of short-sighted men with the lustre of his propitious star. Still I do not at all believe in the stability of successful crime."

The Weekly Gleaner.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1857.

Repositories of the Gleaner.

Copies of the GLEANER can be had at the News Depositories of

Mr. HUTCHING'S,
at Rosenfeld's, 146 Montgomery street.
Messrs. SULLIVAN'S,
Washington street, near the Post Office.
Mr. JOHN H. STILL,
Bookstore, 86 Kearney street.
Also, at the POST OFFICE Building.

AGENTS WANTED.

We wish to appoint competent Agents for the *Weekly Gleaner* all over the State, on the terms mentioned in our Circular. Gentlemen in the Book and Stationary line are requested to send in their orders, and they will be attended to punctually.

The "Gleaner" for the Atlantic States.

REDUCED PRICES.

A great number of copies of the first issue of the *Gleaner*, purchased here at the usual prices, were sent to the Atlantic States and Europe. To increase the usefulness and circulation of this publication, we bring to the notice of our readers, that copies to the East will be mailed and forwarded from our office at the rate of $3 00 per annum. Please address 110 Sacramento street, 2d story, No. 2.

For the East.

The *Gleaner* is expected to find a wide circulation in the Atlantic States.

The subscription price in the East will be $3 00.

In the absence of regularly constituted Agents, we respectfully beg the following gentlemen to act as Agents, or to appoint trustworthy men to act in that capacity, and to allow them the usual percentage. Subscribers may send in their subscriptions and pay all moneys to the following gentlemen.

MOBILE—At the Bookstore of Mr. Gotzel.

NEW ORLEANS—Isaac Hart, Esq.; or, to Gershon Kursheedz.

CHARLESTON—Rev. Solomon Jacobs.

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NEW YORK—Rev. M. Isaacs; or, Mr. E. Boas, 150 Broadway, corner of Liberty street.

RICHMOND, VA.—Mr. Fabian Bendan.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Rev. Simon Tuske.

CHICAGO—Mr. Aaron Meyer.

CUMBERLAND, OHIO—Rev. Isaac Strauss.

PHILADELPHIA—Moss Brothers, Publishers.

CLEVELAND—Dr. Isaac Wise; or, Mr. M. Ezekiel.

BALTIMORE—Dr. David Einborn.

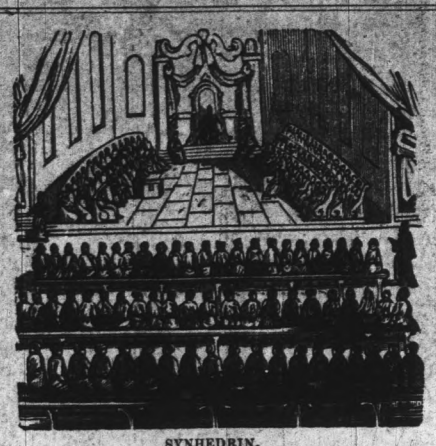
To Subscribers of the Sinai.

The learned editor of the *Sinai* appeals to the friends and supporters of that valuable literary journal, to send in their subscriptions for the last year—which ought to have been paid in advance. Our friends in this city and the State, are politely requested to send in their money to the Agent, Mr. Meyer Steppacher, Broadway, next house to the Synagogue, or the office of the *Gleaner*, 110 Sacramento street.

A Solicitor and Canvasse Wanted.

An active gentleman wanted to solicit Advertisements and subscriptions in this City Apply at our Office, 110 Sacramento street.

Parties who do not receive their copies regularly, please put your order into the box a office, 110 Sacramento street.



SYNHEDRIN.

Our Name.

If the refinement of our age forbids man to speak much of himself, if such self-contemplaters are generally looked upon with pity or contempt, the above caption, at first sight, may mislead many a reader into the supposition than, this article is intended to speak about our insignificant self, or what would be more objectionable, of our name, and under this supposition, they would either pass this article, or lay the paper aside altogether. We therefore tell them at once that "our name" refers not to ourselves, but to our publication —the *Gleaner*.

We have taken this name on account of the associations that it called up in our mind, and on that of the weighty import of the Hebrew word, which we translate *Gleaner* in several classic passages of the Sacred Writ in waich it occurs.

We appear under the name of "Hamma-asseph," the gatherer, collector, and in a secondary sense, (on the authority of texts in the Bible,) the protector, cover, dependent, advocate.

We assumed the name "Ma asseph," Gleaner, which with the definite article H, makes "Hamma asseph, because *the first Hebrew periodical*, as far as we know, was called by that name. The first Hebrew periodical was called "Hamma asseph," the gatherer, the collector—which we render by *Gleaner*, a word more euphoneous, and one more appropriate to be applied to literary matter.

As we dare presume that every tyro in Hebrew literature, and journalist, knows the Ma asseph, we merely state to the few Hebrews who are ignorant of this fact, that at as early a period as 1784–1791, there appeared a valuable literary periodical, intended for the improvement of Israel—as also to stop the superficial voice so loud during the times of the French Revolution. It was edited by Moses Mendelssohn, Harwig Wessely, and a number of Hebrew literati. And as we appeared in our new capacity very much against our inclination, and at our own risk, to try, at least, to effect the same purposes as our predecessors did, we thought ourselves justified to borrow from Mendulesohn, and his school by taking the name of Hamma asseph. This is one reason that we called publication by that name.

The word Ma asseph being fully known among the educated portion of Israel, and even to the readers of the *Israelite*, since we find it spoken of in a number that appeared but lately, (in November,) we pass on, and do but mention that the literati who edited the Mea asseph, are familiarly known in Israel by the name of "Hama assphim," the gatherer, collector.

We have chosen this name on account of its associations. The editors of the Maassaph, particularly the most prominent, Mendelssohn and Wessesley, were treated by modern Israel as were treated their Prophets and Rabbi pastors, by ancient Israel. All those who labored hard and honestly for them were neglected abused, and persecuted, "for righteousness sake."

Moses Mendelsshon, during his studies, was so poor that he had to mark the loaf which he ate with chalk, to tell him how much he could *afford to eat*, each day, that he was obliged to make it last; but, after he had acquired a fund of knowledge, the author of "The Jerusalem," of the "Phadon," and the editor of *Maasseph*, was able to earn a piece of bread, being a clerk to a silk merchant in Berlin.

And as to the pious Wessely, he, at one time, had not a piece of bread to break to his family. He was poor—he could work for a whole nation—he could be the advocate of a salutary reform in the church and the school—he could labor night and day. But all his sterling virtue, his unquestionable piety, and his profound learning, could not shield him against hatred, persecution, neglect and want. And such is the fate of the children of God! They will be neglected by the children of the father—Adam.

And they were hated, too—yes, they were hated with a bitter hate. Mendelssohn's writings were burnt in many places; and the peaceful Wessely had to write a whole volume in defence of his course.

Sad as this portion of religious experience is, we are drawing consolation and edification from their fate, and from that of *all* the good and pious who are not of *this* world. We, therefore, by association, felt induced to pass under the name of those in whose footsteps we have to tread in passing through this "valley of Bacoa"—(of weeping.)

We assumed the name of Hamma asseph, since the rearward of the camp of Israel, the whole tribe of Dan, is expressly called in the Book of Numbers, chap. x:25, "Ma asseph," the tribe of Dan, says the text, was "Ma aseph lo chol hammarhnoth;"—(the *rearward*)—and the very same term, Hamma asseph, with the article in Joshua vi:9, (the *gathering host*)—unto all the camps, because that tribe marched in the rear, taking up all that were left behind on account of weakness or uncleanness,—as also for the purpose of protecting the army and its sanctuary. Thus Judah, the most numerous tribe, formed the van, and Dan, the next in number to Judah, formed the rear. Thus the centre was well protected from the front and the rear. In view of the organization, we thought it our duty to assume the part of Dan to the Hebrew periodical press. We, therefore, took his biblical name, "Hamma asseph—the rearward, the gatherer, the gleaner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To Our Readers.

Impelled by a sense of duty, we with reluctance entered the arena of public journalism, of which we hitherto had but little knowledge, nor are we at all prepared to manage the business part.

But from want of those supplies which the religious papers of other denominations usually enjoy, and, hitherto, perhaps, owing to these ruinous times, have not been awarded us yet, we have to compose during the night, and look to the business during the day. The heavy expense, the selecting compositions, and the correspondence, all weighs heavily on our own hands. May a God above in his mercy uphold us! All errors, neglect of all kinds ought, therefore, till a better day will dawn upon us, be looked at with an eye of charity.

Friends in the city and country ought kindly to bear with us; if the paper be not regularly received, let us know, if ever it should happen once or more.

Friends to whom, from want of proper agents we sent copies, ought kindly to receive them, and appoint agents, or take the trouble upon themselves to get subscribers, and send us down the list, and we will send copies from our office.

The Trance, or, the Preposterous World

"I have seen a preposterous world: the ignoble are exalted, and the noble lowered."

These were the remarkable words of a youth on his recovery from a trance. We read in the Talmud Baba Bathra, fol. 6, the following story:

A young man fell into a trance—on his recovery, being asked by his father what he had seen during his continuance in that state, replied in the remarkable words of our caption. I have seen a world turned upside down, (haphuch,) those men and stations that among us are considered high, are there, (in the regions of eternity,) considered low—that we here confer honor and attach reproach just in an inverse ratio to the true merits of the cases.

Upon this the Rabbi, his father, in contrast to "*haphach*," turned upside down, perverted, replied, "*olam barur ra-entha*," Thou hast seen the *true* state of the world. Alas! how true, how humiliating! Who are those whom the world honors?—the name of him who invented the ploughshare and the loom is unknown, but the destroyers and corrupters of our race, they are honored with the highest offices, titles, triumphal arches, and crowns; the husbandman, almost all over our globe, has to toil in poverty, has to labor by the sweat of his brow to feed and to enrich warriors, generals, conquerors—the disguised destroyers of our peace, our lives. Prussia, a state so particularly distinguished for its liberality in the advancement of education and learning, expends for her schools, universities, and other literary institutions, the seventh part only that is lavished to support a force of military that enslaves the nation, eats up the land, and robs every male citizen of the most useful and momentous portion of his time —the husbandman, the artist, and the merchant, have to leave the plough, the study and the desk, from the age of eighteen or nineteen to twenty-one or twenty-two, to learn for three years how most efficaziously to kill men.

England, Christian England, the enlightened queen of the ocean, allows (as we reported in our last number,) no decoration from any foreign power except for military distinction. O, how true, and how humiliating are the words of the entranced youth, "I saw the high low, and the low high;" and the reply of the Rabbi, his father, "My son, thou hast seen the true state of the world."

THE FAMILY.

Affectionate Advice to a Married Couple.

ADAPTED FROM REV. JAMES BEAN, A. M.

Neither of you have your felicity in your own hands. Neither of you have it in your power to be completely happy, without the consent of the other. Never may you repent of this surrender. But a knowledge of the imperfection of human nature, makes me anxious for you; lest, after rendering the first stage of the journey delightful by the interchange of every endearment, you should sink into the unhappy condition of those, to whom the greatest infelicity of the journey is, that they are obliged to travel together.

To avoid the evils into which the infirmities of our nature may plunge us, we should enter betimes on the use of preventatives.

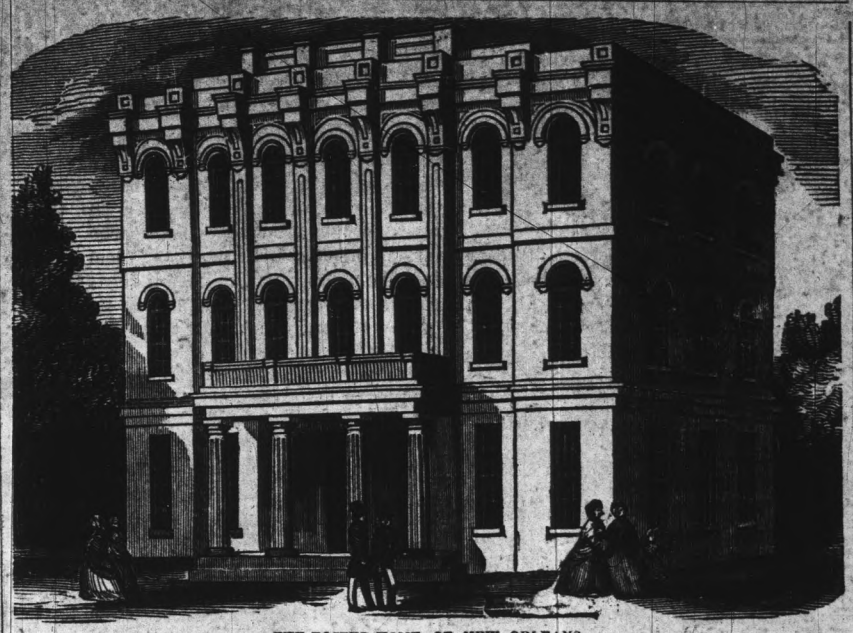
With this view, the first thing to which I exhort you, is an attention to the preservation of that affection for each other, which first determined you to be partners for life. In the continuance of this alone, you will find the sufferings of the present state considerably reduced. Trials and difficulties are the common lot of humanity, and you cannot hope for an exemption from them. Rough roads, dark nights, and stormy days, are to be expected: but while your affections continue undiminished, you will, in this circumstance, find a considerable alleviation of the difficulties with which you have to contend. The trials which occur by the way will be less felt, when they serve as occasions of proving afresh the care and tenderness which the travellers here have for each other.

When I exhort you to attend to the preservation of that affection which first determined you to become partners for life, I am not to be understood as if I expected, that the fervor experienced at its commencement would continue. That will abate. But though time and familiarity will assuredly carry off much of the first ardor, a true affection will receive improvement from time. Time will render it a more chastened, rational, and steady principle, if it be cultivated. If it be cultivated, I say; otherwise, there may be a transition from idolatry to disgust.

There should likewise be some allowance made for what is natural to men; namely, a certain bluntness, though they seem to be indifferent when they are not really so. What may seem to improper judges, inattention to others, to more penetrating observers, is manifestly nothing but an honest inattention to themselves; a superiority to those mean arts of those interested persons whose chief study is the cultivation of an insinuating and pleasant address.

But should there appear at times something more than mere inattention; something that evidences a disturbance of temper; she is then perhaps called to allow for the agitations of mind to which men are particularly liable, from their having more to do with the world than women have. It is a serene region in which a woman moves: not so that into which the head of a family is often driven for the support of those who depend on him. In the midst of a thousand vexations from the stupidity, negligence, or knavery of those with whom his business lies, he has to earn that bread which his wife and children may eat in tranquillity. Should he, therefore, when he comes home from this turbulent scene, omit a customary mark of affection, eat his meal in silence, or return a short answer to a civil question; let not the wife consider such behavior as any proof of indifference to her. Let her not listen to that demon of discord, who would prompt her to resent it as such. Let her recollect that now is ths time for her to exert the peculiar virtues of her sex; to call forth all the sweetness, humanity, and tenderness of her nature, in order to soothe him who has been toiling all the day, principally, perhaps, with a view to her comfort.

In cautioning a wife not to be too ready to consider herself neglected, I have not imparted the whole of my advice to her. I have admonished the husband, not to be negligent of those marks of regard which are due to his partner; and she is to remember that the same duty is incumbant on her. It will be impossible for affection to be preserved, if she tread in the steps of those inconsiderate persons, who, as soon as the marriage rights are celebrated, become remiss in certain engaging attentions, of which they had before been scrupulously observant. Must not she sink in the esteem of any understanding man, who by her conduct seems to say, "I have now obtained my settlement?" And nothing is more calculated to suggest such an idea, than a relaxation of former attention. When a woman abandons herself to sloth and indulgence, when she degenerates from neatness to a blamable negligence from industry to indolence, from obligingness to selfishness—when these omissions are continued in, without any necessary cause, after they have been gently remonstrated against, it is natural for a man of reflection to read this sordid sentiment in his wife's bosom, and for a man of generosity not to recoil at the discovery.



THE FOSTER HOME, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Children Must Led, not Driven to God.

A mother, sitting at her work in her parlor, overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bedroom, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers; I don't want to say my prayers."

"How many believers, in good standing," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling."

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two, at the parlor door; the tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going out to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute; I want you to come here and see me first."

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backwards and forwards.

"Are you pretty well, this morning?" said she, in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes mother; I am very well."

"I am glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone,—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel of my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now?—how it goes, beating!"

"Y-e-s!" said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die at once."

"Should you?"

"Yes, and I cannot keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God."

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know, mother," said the child with a look of anxiety; and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me, I hope he will take care of me, and all the rest of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of *me*?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself; God likes to have us all ask for ourselves."

A lond pause ensued. The deeply thohghtful and almost anxious expression of countenance, showed that the heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his own simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of Heaven.

Suppose another case. Another mother overhearing the same words calls the child into the room. The boy comes.

"Did not I hear you say you did not want to say your prayers?"

The boy is silent.

"Yes he did," says his sister, behind him.

"Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back now, and say them like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again."

The boy goes back pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of mortified pride, vexation and ill-will.

Mothers Magazine.

"The Influence of the Spirit."

"Who will believe our report?"—*Is.* liii:1.

It is a fact known to the *Few*, that the spirit of any author will transfuse itself into his writings and continue for ages to operate on the reader for good or evil. A few lines written by a pure mind, will enkindle a desire of love and purity in those who peruse them, while from some writings, on the contrary, there emanates a spirit of profaneness, of levity, and rebellion, that poisons the mind of every reader to a greater or less degree. We, (speaking from experience,) feel repelled from certain writings, though they be adorned with all the embellishments that art could lavish upon them; while, on the other hand, we overlook many an error of judgment, many a fault of composition and even of grammar, if the matter is but an efflux from the proper spirit.

We have often heard preachers, who were admired by their hearers for elegance and eloquence, while we deeply regretted the want of discernment in the multitude, who would allow themselves to be captivated by the body of what was said, by the sounds, without knowing that the speaker was but a tinkling instrument, devoid of the elevating influences of the spirit. On the other hand, we have often listened to discourses and read the writings of pious men, who were deficient in all ornamental beauties, but whose words or writings breathed forth a religious, hallowing spirit, that charmed and fascinated the hearer or reader, in whom the spark of goodness was yet alive.

Had the multitude this discerning spirit, they would, in choosing their teachers, never make learning and talent the primary condition of their choice, but they would seek for the spirit. Nor would this inquiry after the spirit be the first consideration in the choice of their reading matter, and in that of their teachers for the pulpit only, but, from the very beginning, from the primary school for religious instruction, the first question should be—Has the teacher the spirit? Has he the "Shepha," the pouring out, the effusion, from above? If he or she has that spirit, they will be able to give your child religion: i. e., to pour, with the help of God, that sanctifying principle into the mind of your child.—f not,—if the, teacher, is devoid of that holy influence,—he may be "clever," as the people say, he may be "a smart man," but he will never be able to teach religion—your child will never inhale "the spirit"—for we never can give what we have not received ourselves. We never can communicate what we do not possess.

We are pained to see the multitude—the many—hire teachers for their pulpits and schools, as they would mechanics and salesmen to do their work or sell their goods, not knowing that the mere workman and the crier can never be the teacher.

We know of churches whose light is extinguished, who once were alive but now are

dead, from want of the Spirit's infusion into the dead bodies and into that of their juvenile members; it is because the dead are teachers of the dead. The former may be elegantly attired, may be *hung over* with ornaments and jewels, may carry about them a profusion of flowers, but as there is but a dead carcase beneath, they can communicate neither warmth nor life. Our spirit mourns over the moral death of thousands of the souls of your flock, who are sent for "light to darkness," and thus are never, never lighted; they may, under the tuition of the hired man, be covered with a phosphorous substance which, in darkness looks like light, but it is evanescent, it has not the life-giving power.

This our position may receive some evidence from the fact experienced by thousands in the use of the most extraordinary book in the world, of the Bible.

The attachment of the English and German speaking portion of mankind to the translation of the Westminster divines, and to that of Luther, is ascribable to the "spirit" which these men were able to infuse into their translations. We at times take up more correct translations, edited by different denominations, and with regret, put them aside, and would never wish to see them introduced into our churches or into our schools. The same remark will hold to biblical commentators—there is a class of Jewish and Gentile commentators that will exert a power over the reader, which can only be explained on the principle laid down in this essay—while almost all those that we have taken up from the modern French, German Jewish or Gentile press, are dead matter.—They can explain words but never can they convey to us the spirit of the Bible. The spread and adoption of their commentaries would inflict an incurable injury on our race—because they are dead matter, and we want our race to live. "O that the covering which is now cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over the nations, would be removed, that they would know how to distinguish between good and evil, between day and night, between the sources of living waters, and the deadening stagnant pools! O that they would feel the same sanctifying and reviving power of the voice of God, and would no more listen to the voices of the noisy criers. We cannot conclude these our feeble lines without calling in aid the beautiful and admirable passage of Lactantius, on the power of the Word of God, when brought before the human mind under the proper influences—which reads as follows:

"Give me," says he, "a man passionate, slanderous, ungovernable; with a few words of God I will render him placid as the lamb. Give me a man greedy, avaricious, penurious; I will give him back to you liberal, and lavishing his gold with a munificent hand. Give me a man who shrinks from pain and death; and he shall presently contemn the stake, the gibbet, and the wild beast. Give me one cruel and bloodthirsty; and that fury of his shall be corrected into clemency itself. Give me one addicted to injustice, folly, and crime; and he shall, without delay, become just, peaceful and harmless.

ERRATUM.—In No. 5, on page 36, in a communication from Grass Valley, the name Pawbroch, should have been Jacobson. Correspondents should be careful to write names *distinctly*.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOW TO GET SLEEP.—How to get sleep is to many persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will sleep in a few minutes. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times, just before retiring, will aid in equalizing the circulation, and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and of easy application in castle or cabin, and minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

No fire, candle, rushlight or lamp, should be kept burning, during the night, in a bed-room; for it not only vitiates the air, but disturbs the nerves. Keep the bed-chamber well ventilated—this greatly promotes healthful rest.

OF SUPPER—Never eat a hearty supper just before retiring to rest.

Food should never be eaten when it is hot—it is very unhealthy, eaten in this way.

COLD AND DAMP FEET.—Nothing can be more erroneous than the notion that by pouring spirits into boots and shoes, when the feet are wet, will prevent the effects of cold; on the contrary, the practice often produces cold, inflammation, and obstruction in the bowels. When the spirit reaches the feet, it immediately evaporates: the stronger it is, the more quickly it evaporates and the greater is the cold produced.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Apply with a brush a solution of gum-arabic, or immerse the eggs therein, let them dry, and afterwards, pack them in dry charcoal-dust. This prevents their being affected by any alterations of temperature.

ANOTHER METHOD.—Mix together in a tub or vessel, one bushel, Winchester measure, of quicklime, thirty-two ounces of salt, eight ounces of cream of tarter, with as much water as will reduce the composition to a sufficient consistence to float an egg. Then put and keep the eggs therein, which will preserve them perfectl y sound for two years at least.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR MILK AND CREAM.—Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin, and then pour boiling tea over it gradually, to prevent its curdling. It is difficult from the taste to distinguish the composition from rich cream.

GETTING WET.—This accident is at all times less frequent in towns than in the country, especially since the use of the umbrella has been introduced.

When a person is wet he ought never to stand, but to continue in motion till he arrives at a place where he may be suitably accommodated. Here he should strip off his wet clothes to be exchanged for such as are dry, and have those parts of his body which have been wetted well rubbed with a dry cloth. The legs, shoulders and arms, are generally the parts most exposed to wet: they should, therefore, be particularly attended to. It is almost incredible how many diseases may be prevented by adopting this course. Catarrhs, inflammations, rheumatisms, diarrhœas, fevers, and consumptions, are the foremost among the train which frequently follow an accident of this kind.

TURKISH HONESTY.—A mercantile firm in Salonica had bills to a large amount on the principal inhabitants and merchants of the place, which, with their books and papers, were destroyed by fire. On the next day, a prominent Turk, who was largely in their debt, went to them and told them that, having heard that their papers had been destroyed, he had brought a copy of his account with them and fresh bills for the amount due them. This example was followed by all the Turkish debtors to the firm.

CHEBRA BIKUR CHOLIM.—At a General Meeting of their Society held on last Sunday, February 22d, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected Officers for the ensuing term:—

Mr. L. KING, President;
" B. BARUCH, Vice President;
" M. B. ASHIM, Treasurer;
" S. KRANER, Secretary;
Messrs. E. B. EPHRAIM, J. P. DAVIS, L. RIES, W. GREEN, L. POLAWSKI, Trustees.

DIED.

In this city, Feb. 23d, HENRY E. COHEN, of Liverpool, Eng., aged 36 years.

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AND
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Jewelry and Silver-Plated Ware.
QUARTZ WORK OF ALL KINDS ON HAND.
Watches repaired with care and warranted.
No. 125 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
☞ Persons in the Interior desirous of purchasing articles of Jewelry, by forwarding a description, accompanied by the cash, can obtain them, and depend on their being of the best quality, and selected with care; and there is little doubt that this mode will prove as satisfactory to the purchasers as if the articles had been selected under their own supervision. feb18

TO JEWELERS AND OTHERS.
MEZOOSOTH.
A NUMBER of MEZOOSOTH in elegantly silver gilt and gold cases, French workmanship, have been deposited for sale with our agent, Mr. L. Newstatt. Parties in the City and Country, may send in their orders. Address Mr. F. Newstatt, office of *Gleaner*, 110 Sacramento street, San Francisco.
feb20

COLLECTIONS.
JACOB BEREL, Collector for the Ladies' Hebrew Benevolent Society, the Hebrew School Fund, and the "Voice of Israel," No. 6 Sansome street, between California and Pine, respectfully offers his services as Collector, promising the strictest attention and probity to those who may please to honor him with their confidence. feb18

MATZOTH.
☞ The CHEBRA SHOMRA SHABBOTH will bake MATZOTH and sell them at the usual prices.
Orders for the City and Country will be received in the Basement of Northeast Corner of Washington and Dupont Streets.
N. B. Parties who are scrupulous about Matzoth, have an opportunity offered to get them prepared according to the strictest requirements of the Rabbinical Law. feb20

S. MORGENSTERN,
PACIFIC CLOTHING WAREHOUSE.
Corner Pacific and Front Streets.
☞ Hats, Caps, Boots, and Shoes, and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices. feb20

WELLS, FARGO & CO.,
EXPRESS
AND
BANKING COMPANY,
OFFICE, Northwest Corner of Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco.
CAPITAL, $600,000.
SEND, DAILY, TO ALL PARTS OF CALIFORNIA—
WEEKLY—To Crescent City, Oregon, and the Southern Coast—
SEMI-MONTHLY—To the Atlantic States, in charge of Special Messengers, by the Panama and Nicaragua Steamers, connecting in New York with the
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.....West and Canada West.
UNITED EXPRESS CO.....East and West.
HARNDEN EXPRESS CO.....South and West.
NATIONAL EXPRESS CO....North and Canada East.
AMERICAN EUROPEAN EXPRESS & EXCHANGE COMPANY.....England, Germany and France.
EXCHANGE
On all the Principal Cities in the Unitdd States and Canada.
COLLECTIONS MADE
And General Express Business promptly attended to.
LOUIS MCLANE, J.,
General Agent for California.
G. W. BELL, Superintendent Banking Department.
SAMUEL KNIGHT, Superintendent Express Department. feb18

A GRAND PURIM BALL
WILL be given by MR. JACOB LATZ, at PICKWICK HALL, on Tuesday, March 10, 1857.
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.
F. STROUSE, S. LATZ,
B. BERCK, L. KAPLAN.
☞ Tickets, $2 00.

BERNARD, DENNERY & CO.,
Opposite the Eldorado Building,
No. 192 Washington Street,
DEALER IN
CROCKERY, GLASS AND CHINA,
Britannia and Silver Plated Ware.
ja30-3m

כשר
KOSHER MEAT.
Jefferson Market,
No. 122 R Street,
Between 4th and 5th Streets, SACRAMENTO.
HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A GOOD SUPPLY OF BEEF and other Meats. Also, Smoked Beef Sausages, prepared for
פסה
Orders from the country will be punctually attended to.
ja30

SHEW'S
DAGUERREAN GALLERY,
113 Montgomery St., over Hoffman's Store.
Either Daguerreotypes or Ambrotypes taken in the highest perfection of the art, in any kind of weather, and at one-half the prices charged by some of the other artists in the city.
Copies of Daguerreotypes, Engravings, or Paintings,
executed in a neat manner.
MINIATURES set in Lockets, Pins and Rings for TWO DOLLARS. jan30

BUSINESS CARDS.

UNION STOVE STORE.

PETER ABRAHAMSON - IMPORTER OF STOVES Metal Roofer and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, 324 DUPONT STREET, corner of Washington, (O'Meara's Building,) San Francisco.

The subscriber, having been established in San Francisco since 1851, fee s confident that he can give satisfaction, and would solicit a call from his friends and former customers.

Parlor and Cooking Stoves, excellently fitted up, sold at most reasonable prices.

N. B. All kinds of Tin Work and Jobbing of every variety in this line, attended to at short notice. j30

WORMSER BROTHERS,
Importers of and Dealers in
ALL KINDS OF
Wines and Liquors,
S. W. cor. California and Front Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

L. & E. WERTHEIMER,
Importers and Dealers in
Cigars and Tobacco,
No. 2 Franklin Building.
CORNER OF SACRAMENTO AND BATTERY STREETS.
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. C. MEUSDORFFER,
MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER
—OF—
HATS AND CAPS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
No. 165 Commercial Street,
Below Kearny. SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ Our Stock contains always the latest European and American styles.
Any kind of Hats (both Fur and Silk) made to order.
ja30—3m

כשר
Kosher Meat.

B. ADLER,
Corner of Sacramento and Dupont Streets.

RECOMMENDS HIS EXCELENT ASSORTMENT OF Prime KOSHER MEAT. He has always on hand a good supply of Smoked Meats, Tongues, Sausages, etc.

As also a great quantity of these articles prepared for Pesath.

Orders from the country will be attended to with the greatest punctuality.

The Shochat employed by him is Mr. Isaac Goldsmith.

H. M. LEWIS,
WATCH MAKER
AND
MANUFACTURING JEWELER,
(THE OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT IN CALIFORNIA.)

IMPORTER OF
Fine Watches and Jewelry, Diamonds, &c.

Parties requiring a FINE WATCH or JEWELRY, will do well by calling on me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am selling 30 per cent. cheaper than any other house in California, and all my Goods are WARRANTED.

Just received, several Large Invoices of Jewelry, comprising some of the finest sets in California.

☞ Remember the number, 189 CLAY STREET.

BLUMENTHAL & HIRSCH,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN
CHINA, GLASS, AND EARTHENWARE,
Britannia and Plated Ware,
CUTLERY AND LOOKING GLASSES,
No. 152 Kearny Street,
In F. Argenti's Brick Building, corner of Commercial St.,
—AND—
149 & 151 Clay St., 2 doors below Montgomery.
Martin A. Blumenthal, Adolph Hirsch, } SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ Particular attention paid to packing Goods for the Interior or Coast Trade.

BUSINESS CARDS.

R. KRAMRACH,
IMPORTER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
CROCKERY,
Glassware, Plated and Britannia Ware,
CUTLERY, LAMPS, ETC.,
No. 140 Clay Street,
Between Montgomery and Sansome, opposite Leidesdorff Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

POLLACK BROTHERS,
No. 87 California St.,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Importers and Jobbers of
BELTS, BUCKSKIN GLOVES,
GOLD DUST BAGS,
Pistol Holsters, Port-Monnaies, Fancy Goods,
YANKEE NOTIONS, &c. &c.

AGENTS FOR
A. M. POLLAK'S Celebrated Water Proof Fancy Saloon Matches.
(Leopold Pollack, San Francisco.) (Joseph Pollack, New York.)

Sigmund D. Rosenbaum. Elias Schubart.

ROSENBAUM & SCHUBART,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
FANCY GOODS,
EMBROIDERIES, RIBBONS, LACES,
TAILORS' AND OTHER TRIMMINGS,
PERFUMERY, YANKEE NOTIONS, ETC.,
No. 114 Sacramento Street,
Corner of Leidesdorff, **SAN FRANCISCO.**

Particular attention paid to Orders.

L. DINKELSPIEL. U. SIMON.

SIMON & DINKELSPIEL,
Importers and Jobbers of
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
HOSIERY, &c. &c.
No. 79 California Street,
Corner of Battery and California Streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

ADELSDORFER BROTHERS
IMPORTERS OF
FANCY GOODS,
CUTLERY, PLAYING CARDS, YANKEE NOTIONS, &c.
No. 2 Custom House Block,
Corner of Sansome and Sacramento streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ADELSDORFER BROTHERS receive regular shipments of FANCY GOODS, from Europe and New York, and Sell at the very Lowest Prices.

ALWAYS ON HAND,
Hosiery, Accordeons, Perfumery, Playing Cards, Looking Glasses, Combs, Brushes, Porte Mounaies, &c.
Together with a Complete assortment of Yankee Notions.

GODCHAUX BROTHERS,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
FANCY AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.
Embroideries, Laces,
Trimmings, Ribbons, Cloaks, &c. &c.
No. 81 California St.,
One door from the Corner of Battery,
A. GODCHAUX, J. GODCHAUX, } SAN FRANCISCO.

NOISY CARRIER'S
Book and Stationery Co.,
97 Battery street, 64 & 66 Long wharf,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Incorporated according to an Act of the Legislature of California, Jan. 1, 1855.
CHAS. P. KIMBALL, PRES.
Chas. P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood, } Trustees.
D. E. APPELTON, Secretary.
CHAS. GALACAR, Ag't. New York.

REMOVAL.
DR. T. REGENBURGER has removed his Office and Residence, to No. 224 Stockon street, between Clay and Washington.
feb20

BUSINESS CARDS.

DANCING ACADEMY
—OF—
MESDAMES POTIER & M'GREGOR,
PHILHARMONIC HALL,
Stockton street, near Jackson street.
Days of Tuition.
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 3 to 5 o'clock, P. M. for Children and Ladies, and from 7 to 10 P. M. for Ladies and Gentlemen.

TERMS PER MONTH.
For Ladies and Gentlemen.....$6 00
For Children.....3 00

☞ Soiree every Saturday Evening. Tickets, $2. Scholars Free.

Private Lectures given at the Hall, or at Mrs. M'Gregor's residence, S W corner of Stockton and Sacramento streets.
Also, Music Lessons on the Piano by Mrs. McMyers.

MRS. E. BLOCHMAN,
MILLINER,
No. 332 Stockton St., near Vallejo,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Keeps constantly on hand, and makes to order, BONNETS in every variety, and of the latest style and fashion,
Wholesale and Retail.

....ALSO....
LADIES' DRESS CAPS AND HEAD DRESSES.

H. BRESLAUER & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
FANCY DRY GOODS,
EMBROIDERIES, ETC.,
No. 111 Sacramento Street,
Between Sansome and Montgomery, opposite the Mail Steamship Co's Office, **SAN FRANCISCO,**
Henry Breslauer, Salomon Cohen, } EMPIRE BLOCK. { Morris Elgutter, A. Morris.
Second Street, between D st. and Maiden lane, Marysville.

ST. LOSKY, LEVY & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF THE
Choicest Brands
—OF—
Havana Cigars,
And Sole Agents for the sale, in California, of
La Flor de Cabanas, Partagas y Ca Havana.
109 California Street,
Next door to Alsop & Co.

STEINHART BROS.,
Importers and Jobbers of
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
YANKEE NOTIONS, &c.
88 California street, between Sansome and Battery

E. W. CROWELL,
AGENT OF THE
PHŒNIX FIRE INSURANCE CO., N. YORK.
No. 112 Montgomery street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. P. DAVIS,
COMMISSION BUYER,
67 California Street.

L. B. BRANDT,
PAINTER,
Corner Sacramento and Battery sts.
SAN FRANCISCO.

FURNISHED ROOMS,
With or without Board, by the Week or Month,
SANSOME STREET, opposite the Rassette House.
MRS. SYLVESTER LEVY, has for five years, by attention and care, succeeded in satisfying her boarders, and will use her best efforts to do so in future.
The Rooms are well Furnished, the Table Excellent, and the Terms Reasonable. ja23

ACADEMY AND GYMNASIUM,
C. BLOHM respectfully informs the Parents of San Francisco, that he has removed his Academy to Stockton street between Vallejo and Broadway.
Instruction given in English, French, German and Spanish, History, Geography, Philosophy, Drawing, Singing, Mathematics, Reading, Writing, &c. &c.
Young Ladies have the opportunity of receiving Instruction in every branch of Embroidery and Needlework.
Residence No. 240 Vallejo street, between Stockton and Powell. ja23-3m

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEBREW SCHOOL.

INVITATION TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

THE School for the Moral and Religious Instruction of our Children, under the superintendence of Dr. ECKMAN, is open for children of both sexes. It is kept at the **Portsmouth House, Plaza,** (entrance Clay st.)

SCHOOL HOURS:
For the Senior Class—SATURDAY and SUNDAY, at 10, A. M.
TUESDAY and THURSDAY, at 4, P.M.
For the Junior Class—SATURDAY and SUNDAY, at 10, A. M.
MONDAY and WEDNESDAY, at 4, P. M.

The School is free to all. Only those who are able are expected to pay a moderate charge, fixed by the committee.

Parents and Guardians are seriously urged not to neglect the duty incumbent upon them, and the opportunity offered.

ELLERY'S
ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSTORE.

E. ELLERY has just received Thirty Thousand Pages of MUSIC, which he is selling cheap. He has always on hand a great variety of

BOOKS,
(IN ALL LANGUAGES:)
Law, Medical, Agricultural, Mechanical, Theological, Spiritual, Liberal.
BIBLES AND PRAYER BOOKS.
—ALSO—
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA, SONG BOOKS, TOY BOOKS, MISCELLANEOUS AND STANDARD BOOKS too numerous to mention.

A lot of ENGRAVINGS for Studies and Designs or Portfolios, Portable Writing Desks, Work Boxes, &c. Novels, Magazines, Stationery, Playing Cards, &c.
Books bought sold or exchanged.
☞ Come everybody and examine, at the ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSTORE, 162 Washington street, above Montgomery street.
N. B. Wholesale and Retail. jan15-3m2p

DR. H. AUSTIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
175 WASHINGTON STREET,
Next door to the Marble Building, between Montgomery and Kearny sts.

☞ All operations skillfully performed, and at greatly reduced prices.
☞ Advice gratis.

GEORGE SUNDER,
IMPORTER OF
Hats, Caps, Hatters' Stock
Patent Shirts,
GLOVES, CANES, UMBRELLAS,
&c., &c.
NO. 84 BATTERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

SEGAR AND TOBACCO STORE
—OF—
T. BARWOLD,
Known by the name of
THE HUNGARIAN SEGAR STORE,
KEARNY ST., 157, BETWEEN CLAY AND COMMERCIAL,
(NEAR THE PLAZA,)
Keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of Superior Havana Segars, and all kinds of Tobacco.

JAMES HAYES,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Marble Grave Stones, Marble Monuments, Chimney, Table and Counter Tops.
No. 143 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Hebrew Inscriptions executed with precision and neatness. All work done in the best manner, at lowest prices.

HAMBURGER BROTHERS,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,
Shoes, Bonnets, &c.
No. 93 & 95 CALIFORNIA STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ADOLPH BRIEGER,
IMPORTER OF
Blank Books, Stationery & Paper
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
No. 131 Sansome Street,
Between Washington and Merchant Sts.

JUVENILE.

My Mother.

My mother! how much I miss thee!
God *only* knows my loss—
May I hope that Thou wilt guide me
O'er the waves on which I'm toss'd?

My own, dear, sainted mother,
Could I see thee smile again,
I think I then could smother
The anguish I can scarce sustain.

My lost, departed mother,
Would to God I had thee here!
But thy sufferings now are over—
May we be united there.

For to realms above, I trust,
Thou art gone, my mother, dear;
O, then, guard thy sorrowing child
From sin and sorrow here.

I remember that you told me:
"Be patient, meek and mild,
And unto your dear father,
O, be dutiful, my child!"

May I, then, be guided by
Those precepts, given mild,
And to my still remaining parent
May I prove a worthy child.

God give me, then, submission
Unto His holy will!—
Thou knowest what is best for us,
And yet we murmur still.

O, grant me, then, forgiveness
For murmuring at my lot;
I trust we all may meet again
Where sorrows are forgot.

M. R. S.

Artesian Wells.

A group of little boys and girls were seated around the fire, one cold winter night, listening to one of their number, who was reading aloud. In the book which engaged their attention, something was said about an Arteisan well situated in France. The book did not describe these wells, but merely alluded to the fact that there was one in this place. The little folks soon after met the "Man with the Magnet," and begged he would tell them something of the Artesian well. He did so; and as his description may not be uninteresting to other children, we shall give it, as nearly as we can, in his own words.

In many parts of the world, and in some where water is very scarce near the surface, if a hole is bored very deep into the earth, water is found, which is acted upon by a powerful pressure from beneath, and forced all the way up to the surface, through a pipe which is placed in the hole. Sometimes, indeed, this force throws the water from thirty to fifty feet into the air.

These wells derive their name from the district of Artois, or the ancient Artesium, where they are abundant. The quantity of water obtained in this way in Artois, is often sufficient to turn the wheels of the mills.

At Tours, in Europe, the water from one of these wells rushes up with so much force, that a cannon-ball, placed in the pipe, is violently thrown up into the air. The water, coming from a great depth, as it does, is always warmer than that obtained from common wells; so that, in some places, it has been used to warm buildings. It is believed by scientific men, that water may be made to flow in the deserts of Africa, by means of the Artesian well. What an illustration of the goodness of God there is in this thing? Some philosophers would tell us that this manner of obtaining water is accounted for by a natural law—the law of *hydrostatic pressure*. Very well. But who made that law? Who controls the operations of nature in such a way, that even the barren wilderness may yield the thirsty traveller refreshing springs of water.—

Selected.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ **To Parents, Guardians and to our Children.**—The School for Religious instruction, which, in consequence of the publication of The Gleaner, and a want of a proper locality, has only been open on Saturdays and Sundays, will now be continued on the regular days, as indicated in our advertisement. The rooms are situated in the second story of the brick building, No. 123 Clay street, between Leidesdorff and Sansome, opposite the Printing Office of O'Meara & Painter.

☞ **Notice.**—Sealed Proposals will be received by the undersigned up to Monday, the 2d of March, for the baking of MATZOTH, for the Congregation Emanuel. Parties desirous of taking the contract, may address

L. TICHNOR, President,
feb27 62 Sacramento street.

Chebra Bikur Cholim Ukadisha.—The Members of this Society are hereby notified to attend a General Meeting, on Sunday next, March1st, at 5 o'clock, P. M., in the Basement of the Broadway Synagogue.

As business of importance will be transacted, every Member is requested to attend.

L. KING, President.
S. KRAMER, Secretary. feb27-1t

☞ **"Hebrew Young Mens' Literary Association."**—The Members of this Association are hereby notified to attend the Regular Monthly Meeting which takes place next Sunday, March 1, 1857, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Rooms.

A large and punctual attendance is particularly requested.

By order, A. HOFFMANN, Secretary.
feb27—1t

Notice to Israelites.

☞ OUR FRIENDS OF STOCKTON, through Mr. A. B. BLACKMAN, deeply regretting the late occurrences at the Asylum, over which, however, they had no control, bring to the notice of their co-religionists in the State of California, that should the hand of Heaven, in its inscrutable counsel, ever afflict any of Israel's sons or daughters, so that they should have to take refuge in the Asylum of their City, on notice being given to the Parnass, or to the Secretary of the Synagogue Ra-im Ahoobim, they will be ready to offer every assistance, and pay every attention that may be in their power. ja30-1m

Congregation Sherith Israel.

MATZOTH. מצות MATZOTH.

Sealed Tenders (accompanied with Samples) for baking the Majohs for the coming Pesah, will be received by Mr. Jacob Rich, at the store of Messrs Berwin & Bro., on Battery street near Sacramento street, till February 15th, 1857. By order. B. S. BARUCH, Sec'y.
ja30tf

Ophir Lodge, No. 21, I. O. B. B.

Meets every Wednesday Evening, at 7 o'clock, at Temperance Hall, Washington street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

S. SOLOMONS, President.
M. L. PINCUS, Secretary. ja30

KOSAH RMEAT.

כשר

Y. ABRAHAM,

BUTCHER,

Corner Jackson & Kearny Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO,

☞ Recommends to his former Customers and the Public his assortment of PRIME MEAT.

Orders forwarded to any part of the City with the greatest punctuality. feb27

NEW YORK HOTEL,

CORNER OF

Battery and Commercial Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

BACHMAN & ELSASSER,

PROPRIETORS.

KOSHAR BOARDING AND LODGING HOUSE,

BY

MRS. ELLEN HEIBORN,

Successor to Mrs. Lewis, formerly of Sansome St., now 23 Trinity Alley.

Keeps an excellent Table, and is ready to accommodate Boarders on very reasonable terms. feb27

BOARDING HOUSE.

HERREN, die an einer kraftigen, Koscher Hausmann's kost theilzunehmen wunschen, konnen, unter masigen Bedingungen accommodirt werden, by

MADAME A. MICHAEL.
Washington street, gegenuber Montgomery Block.

כשר

Boarding and Lodging

MRS. A. WARSHAUER,

Southeast corner of Stockton and Clay Streets,

(OVER THE GROCERY STORE.)

feb20-5mw

Goldsmith House,

No. 109 Sacramento Street,

Goldsmith & Stern,.....Proprietors.

TRAVELERS and FAMILIES will find this House one of the most desirable, as it is centrally located. The Tables are always supplied with the best the market affords, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to make it one of the most comfortable Hotels in the city.
feb18-tf

MATZOTH.

מצות

PASSOVER BREAD.

THE undersigned, having received the contract for Baking the Passover Bread for the congregation "Sha'arith Israel," for the ensuing holidays, is ready to receive orders for the same.

The community may depend upon their being of superior quality, as he had the baking of them last year for the congregation "Immanuel," which gave entire satisfaction.

Orders left at P. WOOLF'S,
Corner Sutter and Dupont Streets,
And at Mr. ASHIM'S,
Corner Commercial and Leidesdorff.

WEIL & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

HAVANA SEGARS, TOBACCO,

Snuff, Matches, Cards, &c.,

84 Sacramento Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of orders from the city and country promptly attended to. feb27

HENRY SCHMIEDELL,

IMPORTER AND JOBBER OF

DRY GOODS,

HOSIERY, CLOTHING, &C., &C.,

106 Clay Street, between Sansome and Battery,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LEVINSON, BRO. & CO.,

JOBBERS OF

HAVANA & DOMESTIC SEGARS,

CHOICE BRANDS OF CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO,

CIGARITOS, MATCHES, SNUFF, PIPES, &c.

No 83 Battery Street, between Commercial and Sacramento,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JONES, TOBIN & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

French, English & German Fancy Goods.

—COMPRISING—

LACES,
EMBROIDERIES,
MUSLINS,
MILLINERY GOODS,
RIBBONS,
PERFUMERY,
COMBS,
BRUSHES,
YANKEE NOTIONS,
&c., &c.

Northeast Corner of Sansome and Sacramento Sts.

FREDERICK FRANCK & CO.

OFFER FOR SALE

—EX "COLGRAIN," FROM LONDON—

OILMEN'S STORES—Two well-assorted Invoices, consisting of Pie Fruits, Jams, Pickles, Sauces, etc.—Goode & Wyatt's and Robiri Feart's;

CIDER—Jones' Celebrated Sparkling Champagne Cider;

HOCK WINE—Hockheimer, Leibefraumilch Johannisberger, etc.;

STEINWEIN—Growth of 1856;

SPARKLING HOCK and MARELLE WINE;

FIRE BRICKS—12,000 Best White Cowan's;

TURKEY RED TWIST—7 Bales.

Also—Late Arrivals:

CHAMPAGNE—Veuve Clicquot and Boll & Co.'s;

ABSYNTHE AND VERMOUTH—Celebrated mark of A. Leuba;

BURGUNDY WINE, CURACOA, etc;

VINEGAR—English dark or pale;

SHERRY—Mousley's Evans' and Lowndes' brands, in bulk or bottle, in bond or duty paid;

ALE AND PORTER—In bulk or bottle;

BURTON BREWERY CO.'S No. 3 ALE, and other Goods. jan30

First Premium Again!

R. H. VANCE,

Has, by the Superiorty of his Daguerreotypes and Ambrotypes, received

THE FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the State Fair of 1856, being the

Third Time

RECEIVED AGAINST ALL

COMPETITORS,

Corner of Sacramento and Montgomery Streets.

To those who wish something new and beautiful, we have purchased the Patent Right for cutting

AMBROTYPES

for this State, and is now prepared to take them in a style unequalled in the United States, of any size, from the smallest miniature to life-size.

I hereby denounce all Pictures taken on glass, in this City or State, and called Ambrotypes, as "bogus," and a fraud upon the public, being a miserable imitation of the genuine article.

PHOTOGRAPHS!

We are now executing the finest PHOTOGRAPHS "BOTH PLAIN AND COLORED," ever taken in the State.

Photographic Views of Buildings, Machinery, &c., &c., taken at the shortest notice, and in a superior manner.

☞ IF YOU WANT A GOOD PICTURE, GO TO VANCE'S, CORNER OF SACRAMENTO AND MONTGOMERY STREETS. feb20

מצות

MATZOTH! MATZOTH!!

THE subscribers beg leave to announce to the Hebrew communities of California, that the contract for baking the MATZOTH for the ensuing Passover, has been awarded them. Having baked the best kind of Matzoth last year, we are sure to give entire satisfaction this year, also, to the community; and we hope to receive your orders at the ORIENTAL BAKERY, Vallejo street, between Stockton and Powell, and at the Eureka Saloon, at Brenner & Rosenthal's.

ADLER & MORITZ.

E. ADLER. S. MORITZ.
feb20